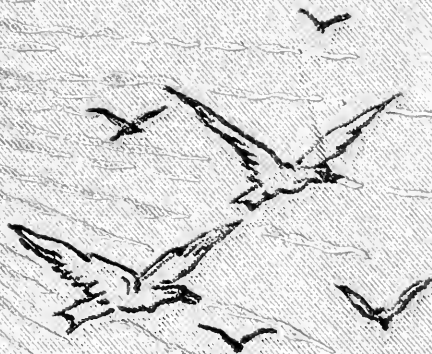


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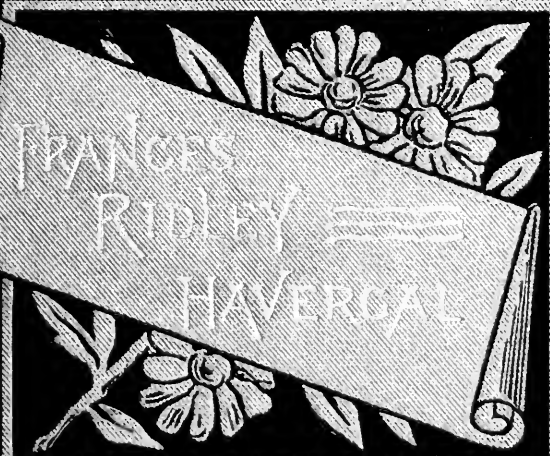
1883



BELLS

ACROSS THE

SNOW *

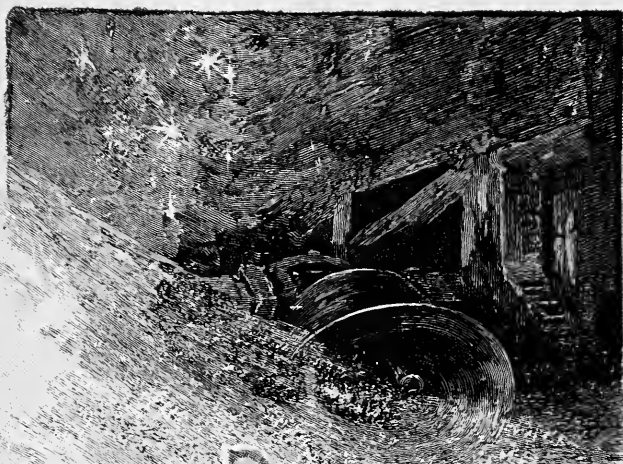


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BELLS
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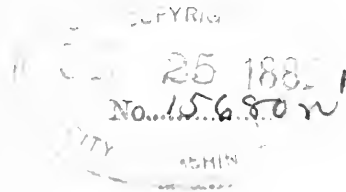
THE SILENT BELL

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

1883

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1895

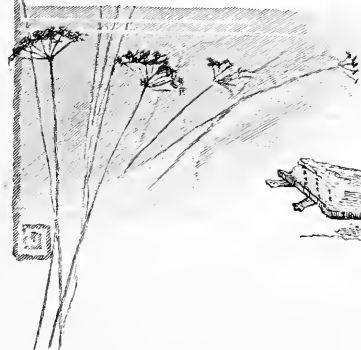
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*A Gift, O Friend, for thee,
As "Christmas comes again!"
If minor chords there be
Blent with the pleasant strain,
They do but tend
To make it end
In fuller harmony!*





Designed by

JESSIE McDERMOTT.

F. T. MERRILL.

ALFRED FREDERICKS.

H. SANDHAM.

W. L. TAYLOR.

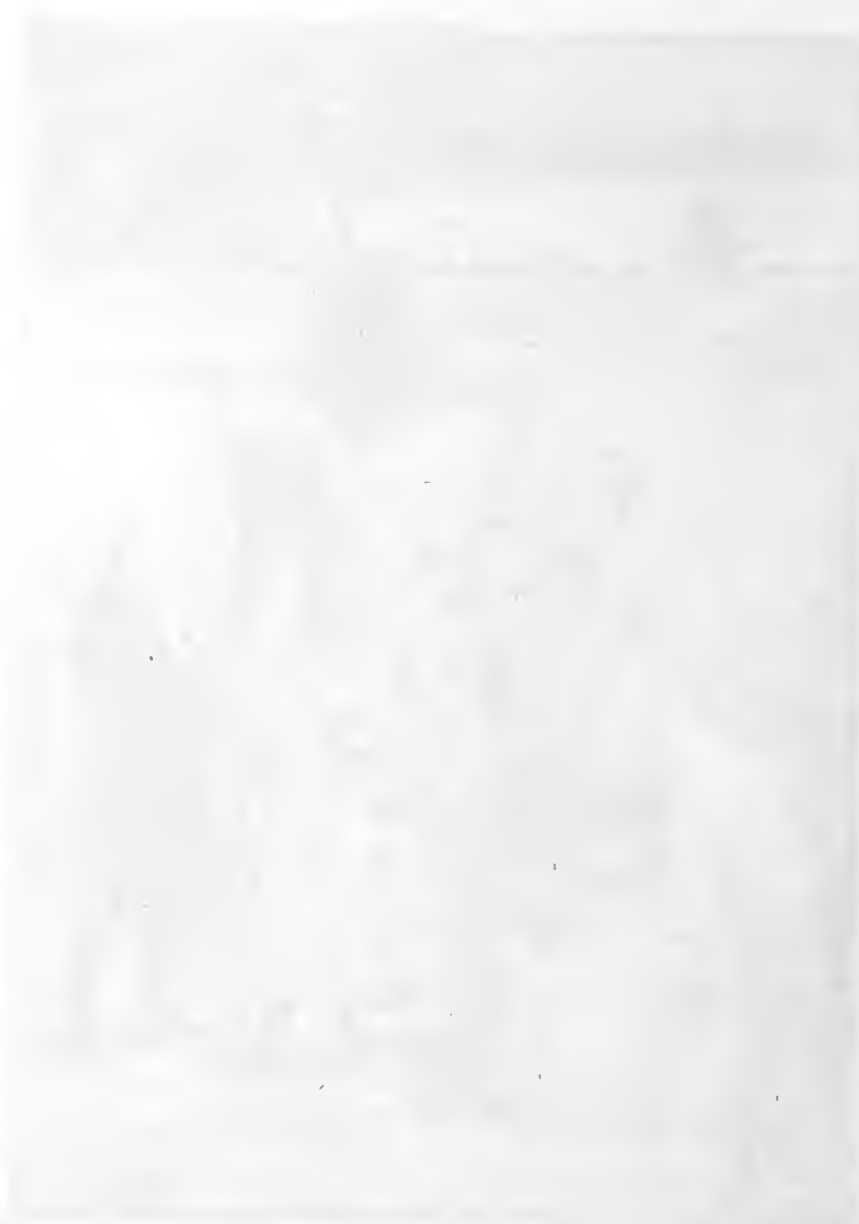
E. H. GARRETT.

W. P. SNYDER.

Drawn and Engraved under the supervision of

GEORGE T. ANDREW.

HALF TITLE	1	"Since other voices blended with	
DEDICATION	5	the carol and the song!" . . .	19
"Christmas, merry Christmas!" . . .	9	"If we could but hear them singing	
Under the mistletoe	11	as they are singing now" . . .	21
"With its memories and greetings" . .	13	"There would be no sigh to smother"	23
"There's a minor in the carol" . . .	15	"The days of our unshadowed glee"	25
"And a spray of cypress twining" . .	15	"With holy songs of glory" . . .	27
"As we listen in the starlight" . . .	17	"For peace and hope may brighten"	29





"Christmas, merry Christmas."



BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O CHRISTMAS! merry Christmas!

Is it really come again,

With its memories and greetings,

With its joy and with its pain?



"With its memories and greetings."



There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,



And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.



And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low.
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."





O Christmas, merry Christmas !

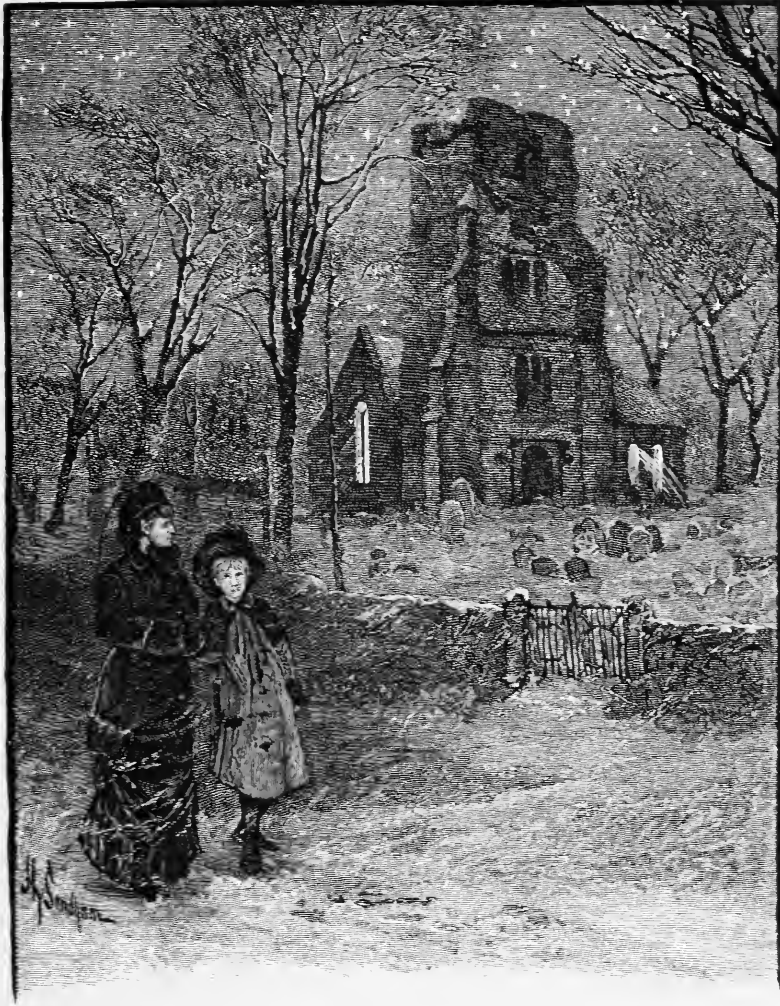
'T is not so very long

Since other voices blended

With the carol and the song !



If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,



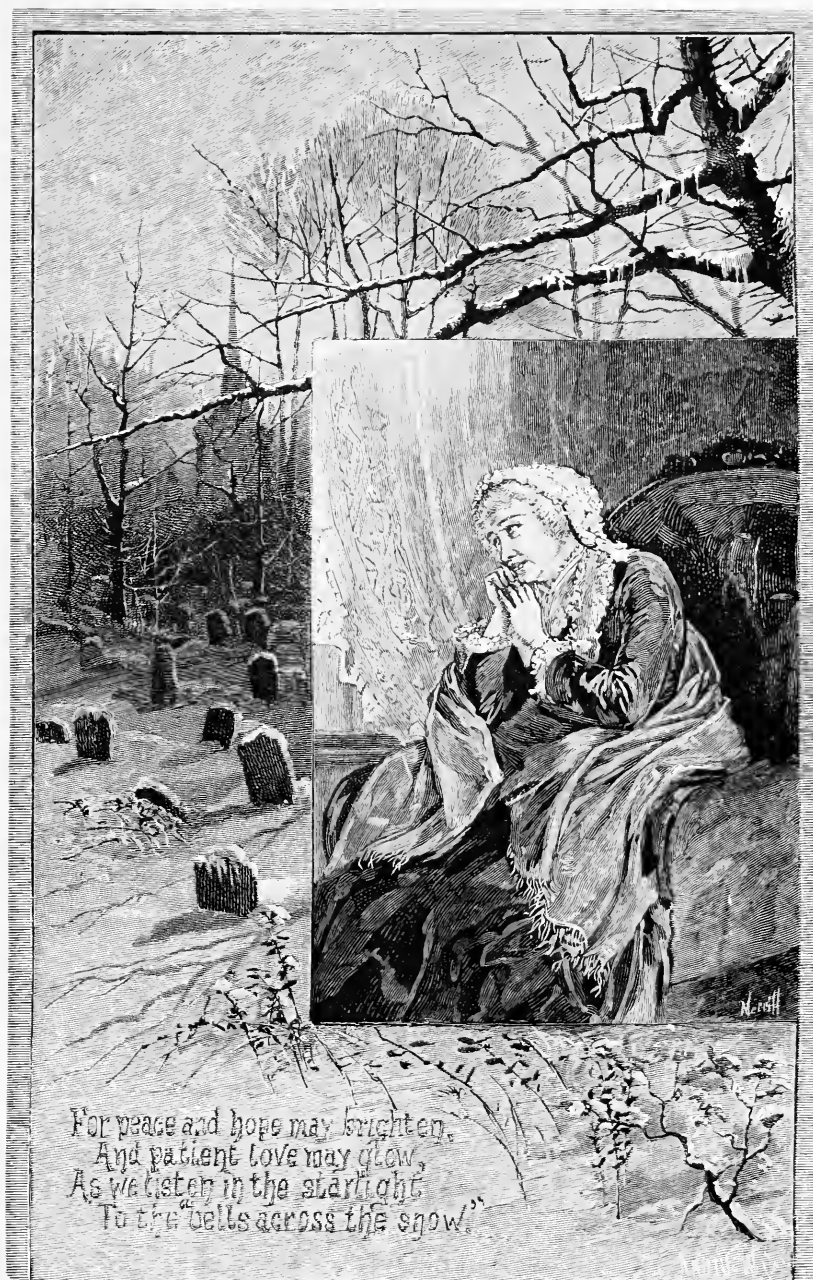
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."



O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.



But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.



For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow."

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O CHRISTMAS! merry Christmas!

Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'T is not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,

If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
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